WOMAN'S CONQUEST OF THE ICE BOUND HIMALAYAS

Mrs. Workman's Daring Exploration of the Rose Glacier, the Longest and Widest in Asia, and What She Discovered There

AMONG the American travellers caught in the war zone when hostilities began was Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, the mountain climber. She and her husband, Dr. Hunter Workman, had the usual experience of tourists. They have baggage scattered around in France and Germany which they would like to recover, but hardly expect ever to see again. Some of their trunks contain valuable photographs and picture slides of scenes among the Himalayan glaciers which cannot be duplicated. Mrs. Workman did manage to get one piece of luggage through which was filled with photographs taken by Dr. Workman during their recent exploration of the Rose Glacier in eastern Karakoram, and these will be used in her lectures in the United States.

The Workmans had a trying time in Paris when the Germans were threatening it and spent four days in the city when German airships were hovering in the air over it and dropping bombs upon the roofs. They saw one of the airships and while gazing at the machine were nearly bowled over when a bomb fell in the next street and exploded. To get away from Paris they used a motor car and eventually secured passage to this country by way of England. They arrived recently in Boston.

The conquest of the Rose Glacier, the longest and widest in Asia, was only accomplished because thorough preparations had been made weeks in advance of the start of the caravan and because Mrs. Workman was determined to explore this gigantic mass of ice thousands of feet above the sea level.

That only one serious mishap occurred was due to the unusual precautions taken by Mrs. Workman. One member of the expedition, a native named Chenoz, lost his life by falling into a crevasse and Mrs. Workman had the closest call she ever experienced in her work.

Chenoz was a porter and had just been photographed with Mrs. Workman on an ice hummock to show the nature of the surroundings. When the picture had been taken Chenoz started off to join higher up the line on which Dr. Workman and the caravan were coming up. Without warning Mrs. Workman saw the guide disappear like a flash through the snow, only a step in front of her, but her footing remained firm, and although realizing that the native had fallen into a gaping chasm she stood quietly by until others of the party reached the spot and set about the work of rescue.

Faint shouts from Chenoz came in answer to calls from one of the guides, Quarzier, who approached the crevasse from the firmer side. After a time another guide, Rey, the smallest of the party, was lowered into the hole. He found Chenoz partly frozen at the bottom of the crevasse. Chenoz was hoisted to the surface, massaged, wrapped in blankets and carried to camp. Here it was found that no bones had been broken, but he was pulseless. He suffered severe pain for about six hours, when he went to sleep. Four hours later he died.

Very little was known of the Rose Glacier until Mrs. Workman explored it. In 1911 she and Dr. Workman devoted several weeks to examining its basin and exploring two of its largest affluents. They climbed several mountains, and were so struck by the wonderful things they saw that they decided to return to the Rose and go over it from end to end.

There are but two routes to the Rose, one of which is unavailable because found there which showed no signs of fire or recent usage and may have stood thus for a century or more. Through the priests and learned men of the Saltoro Valley I learned much concerning names and legends connected with this pass and the Rose Glacier. In older times the Baltis called this the Bilaphond or Butterfly Glacier, because of the shape it assumes near the centre, where certain branches enter. From an eminence above the ice a little imagination makes the main glacier and its affluents appear like a monster ice butterfly.

"The snowstorm in which we camped lasted sixteen hours and all the party felt the rapid change from a shade temperature of 85 degrees to 14 degrees and this in the rarefied air of 17,000 feet altitude. Thus three days passed and then the weather became perfect.

"Camp was struck and soon the caravan of eighty men and one woman, myself, was moving onward to the music of crunching snow, which being in prime condition presented no special difficulties to the long ascent of the Bilaphond Pass. Rey, one of the guides, was sent on ahead to reconnoitre a route to the peak I wished to climb, accompanied by Guide Quarzier. Soon after this occurred the accident which cost the life of Chenoz, my favorite camp porter. We then returned to Ali Bransa and remained there three days while twelve coolies took the body of Chenoz to the first grass of the valley and buried it.

"On their return the work of the expedition was at once taken up and we again started for the col, which was reached in cloudless weather. From this pass we struck out west for a wide, elevated snow plateau which lay below the beautiful virgin snow peak I wished to attempt. After a sharp climb this plateau was reached at 2 P. M., and large tents were pitched for a two nights halt at 19,000 feet.

"The next morning we set out for the peak. After two hours ascent of moderate snow slopes a rock ridge jutting out from the main peak was reached and Dr. Workman remained for photography and observations, while I continued the climb with three guides. It was a most difficult one owing to the melting of the snow, which caused us to sink through onto hard black ice. Each step had to be cut, which on black ice is a most arduous task.

"The gradient of the last thousand feet was never less than 60 degrees, but near the apex the snow became more stable, and at last we stood on the summit, 21,000 feet above sea level. A wonderful scene lay before us from this point.

"The great Rose Glacier, three miles wide and 6,000 feet below where I stood, appeared to run many miles between wild ranges until lost in mountain chaos. For seventy-five miles on three sides great mountain vistas of weirdest rock and snow splendor met my gaze. Here and again among the endless phalanxes of peaks some superlative snow giant of 26,000 or 27,000 feet lifted its glittering snow crest above the others. We looked over a vast ice continent of 1,000 square miles, consisting of mountains and glaciers, devoid of all vegetation, extending from one wide horizon to the other. I named the mountain the Magic, or Tawiz, Peak.

"Our task was to examine the Rose Glacier near its tongue twenty-three miles away, to reascend this lower twenty-three miles of ice and continue the exploration of its upper twenty-four miles, to explore its affluents and visit its elevated sources forming the barrier between the Karakoram and Chinese Turkestan, of which nothing was yet known. It was on this upper part that I chiefly concentrated my attention. Beautiful clear lakes are numerous on the Rose. The banks of one we photographed at an altitude of 17,000 feet was peppered black with large mosquitoes, but none of them was seen at the camps.

"Our first attempt to reach the north watershed of the Rose was not successful. A snow camp was made far up on the glacier in fine weather, from which we were driven down the next day by a snow and wind blizzard of great ferocity. Camp was finally established in the storm on a bit of snow covered moraine and here we were stalled for two days while the elements raged themselves out. When supplies again arrived from a base camp another start was made.

"After two days of arduous snow plodding and various narrow escapes from being engulfed in wide snow plugged crevasses we reached a mountain ridge which juts into the glacier where the Rose merges into its upper basin. Here to our joy we found a small rocky spur 200 feet above the glacier where snow terraces could be constructed on soil, and here Spur Camp was pitched at 18,400 feet.

"A deep blue lakelet encased in sharp ice walls surrounded the spur on three sides, supplying pure iced water to thirty thirsty people. Three large crows had followed camp from our debut on the ice and continued to accompany us to all high camps, taking their departure only when the lower regions of the Kondus Valley were reached on the return march. They took good care to find a living somehow off the camp and did not suffer at all from mountain lassitude, judging from their activity, even at 20,000 feet.

"An interesting and inexplicable find was made at Spur Camp, consisting of the lower layers of two native stone cairns, which could have been placed as we found them only by human hands. In view of the fact that no feasible route is possible over the ice barriers of the upper Rose to Chinese Turkestan, one is hard put to explain the presence of old time adventurers in this elevated ice fastness. The 'learned men' of Saltoro could offer no legend of previous human presence at this distant point.

"The next day we ascended the upper Rose basin to search for the north water parting. Climbing over the flank of a 22,000 foot peak, descent was made to another plateau filled with a labyrinth of yawning chasms. An hour spent in overcoming this hodgepodge of obstructions brought us to the desired ridge, and I was able to realize my long cherished wish to be the first to stand upon the farthest north point of the Rose, on the great, previously unknown watershed of the eastern Karakoram, between the Indus and Chinese Turkestan.

"Other high ascents were carried out and the snow defile leading to the unknown Kondus Glacier was discovered. During the next few weeks the journey down and back to the lower part of the Rose was carried out. Then we started to leave the Rose by the newly discovered snow passage leading to the Kondus.

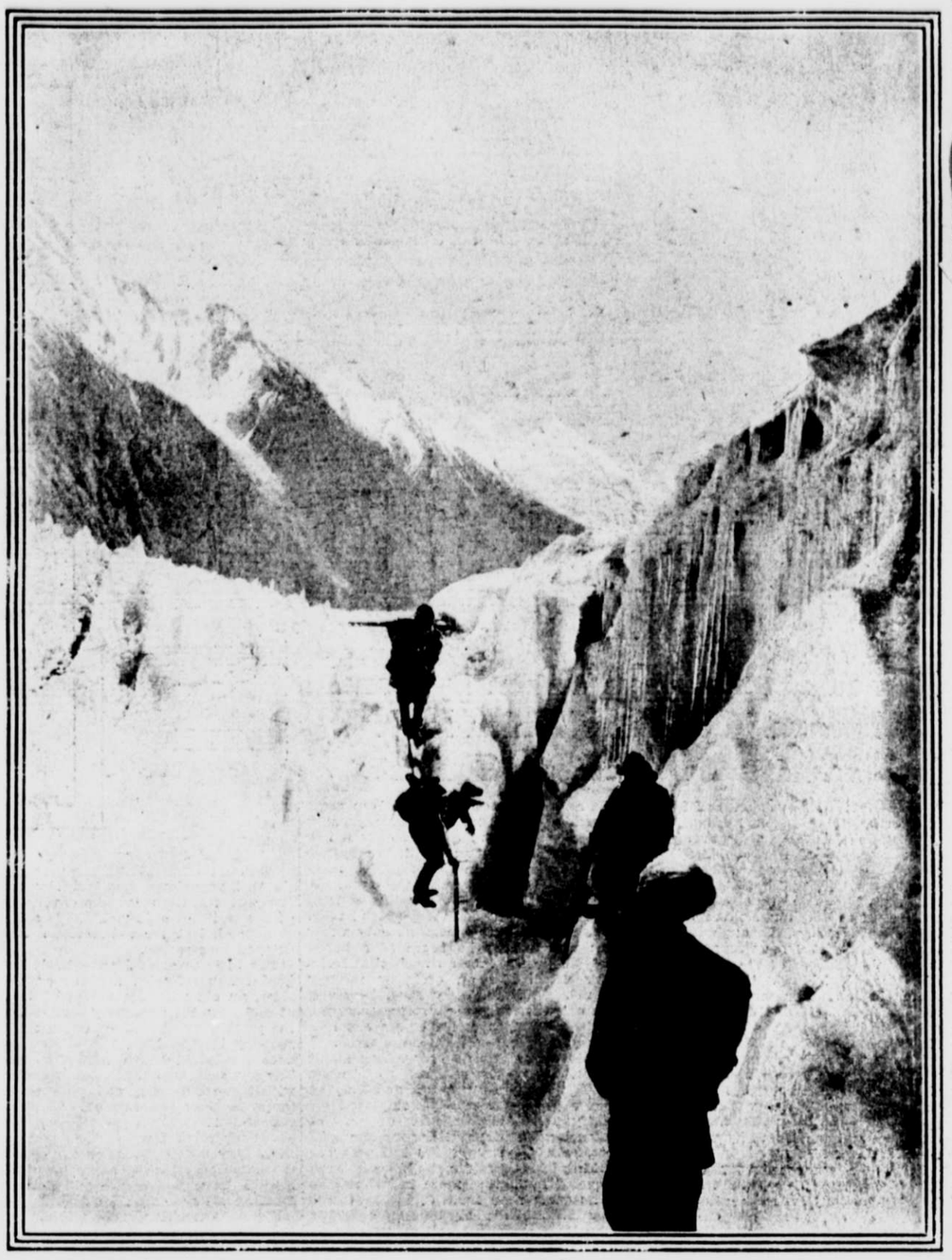
After two days of climbing amid the worst of snow conditions we arrived below the col and camped in a freezing temperature. The next day we ascended to the watershed ridge which I have called the Sia La, or Rose Pass. The first crossing of the west Rose water parting became a fait accompli, and the difficult descent to another new glacier was made.

"It soon became evident that we were on the unexplored upper Kondus, a glacier only vaguely known by name in the Indian Survey, of much smaller dimensions than the Rose, yet a long glacier, longer than any in the Alps. The difficulties of finding a way through the huge moraine hillocks of the last two-thirds of this ice stream diminished the speed of the caravan to about a mile in two hours.

"At one of the most rickety camps on the top of a moraine hill in the early morning a severe earthquake was experienced. The rocking of the ice bed was tremendous and the clatter of falling rocks and boulders, accompanied by the incessant booming of avalanches from adjacent mountains, produced such a tumult of nature as only seismic disturbances in an immense unstable mountain region can call forth.

"The valley below the glacier tongue when reached was found enveloped in mist caused by earth avalanches on the surrounding mountains; and on reaching the first habitations pitiful tales of destruction of cattle and property in the surrounding country were poured into our ears.

"My caravan of 75, having safely weathered this earthquake and other threatening perils, now entered civilization again in prime condition, so I ordered the 'fatted sheep' killed, and the coolies feasted on mutton to their fill, while we Europeans drank of pure mountain water to our success and accomplishment among the ice roses of the great Rose."



Crossing a glacier river. Frequently eight or ten of these streams had to be crossed in traversing the Rose glacier.

Mrs. Workman's expedition on top of the Bilaphond Pass, 18,500 feet high. Tawiz Peak in background, 21,000 feet. First ascended by Mrs. Workman and guides.

YOUNG WOMAN SNAPS BANDIT DURING HOLDUP IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

PHOTOGRAPHS of the bandit who held up and robbed 165 tourists in Yellowstone National Park on July 29 were taken by a young woman who herself was one of his victims. The young woman, Miss Anna L. Squire of Chicago, secured remarkably good results considering the circumstances under which she worked. Her pictures show clearly the amazing coolness of the robber.

Knowing that none of the tourists was armed, because of the Government restrictions against carrying weapons in the park, the bandit apparently felt perfectly safe. While he searched the purses his rifle was thrown on the ground, but within easy reach. On orders of the robber the tourists kept on the opposite side of a little gulch from himself so that he would have had ample time in which to recover his rifle had there been any disposition on the part of the men in the party to interrupt the robbery.

Miss Squire was in the fifth coach that was robbed. They arrived on the scene about 10 o'clock and were astounded to find themselves covered by the bandit's gun. Following his instructions they descended from the coach and surrendered their purses. After giving up their belongings they joined the other tourists across the gulch on a bank overlooking the scene of the robbery.

When the first shock of the encounter had passed Miss Squire decided to take some pictures. Other tourists pleaded with her not to attempt to secure pictures, but she decided not to overlook the opportunity. Concealed behind bushes she pushed her camera through the foliage and snapped the holdup man until her roll of film was exhausted.

Miss Squire gave a vivid account of her experience. She and her party had a delightful time while in the park, she says, even including the time they were held up and robbed. On the day of the robbery they left Old Faithful at about 8 A. M. Having a seat up alongside the driver of the coach she chatted with him about the possibility of being held up. Whether from force of habit or not, the driver assured her that there was really a holdup in the park every six years, and the last one was in 1908. The driver went on, while the people in the coach laughed and suggested that they were due for such an experience, since the six years had passed.

"Suddenly there was a commotion in front," said Miss Squire. "The surrey ahead of our coach came to a sudden stop, and the white faced driver, turning in his seat, shouted that we were held up. In a moment a man came along by the surrey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"Simultaneously something inside of me took firm hold of my heart and elevated it to my throat. My strongest feelings were annoyance at the blackness and roundness of that gun barrel and a positive certainty that if I could get my throat from feeling choked I would be happy.

"It was as though nature had set the scene for this mountain thriller. Back of us the road wound its way upward, flanked on one side by the sheer rises of rock and close by on the right by ravines shudderingly deep. The road here is really nothing but a shelf along the mountain. Teams can barely pass, could never turn around and only a skilled driver can handle a coach and four with safety.

"But here, where we had turned to the left at the bandit's order, a mountain crevice, or gully, coming to its outlet has widened the road into almost a semicircle, a stage where the back drops were the mountains, where the audience must sit close or fall off.

"And in about the middle of this outer curve of the semicircle, with the rise of the mountain at his back, stood a man, probably five feet eight inches tall, erect as an Indian, wearing huge lumberjack shoes and socks, with a black mask over three-fourths of his face.

"The robber politely but firmly ordered us to 'pile out,' which we lost no time in doing. He then commanded the driver of the coach to drive on down the road and wait. Wait! There was nothing else to do—it was nine miles to the nearest station.

"Lying on the ground in front of the bandit was a sack. He ordered the tourists to pass in front of him and toss their purses on the ground as they passed, then to join those who had previously been robbed and were seated on the other side of the gulch.

"The bandit was cool and courteous and gentlemanly in manner. He reassured those who were more timid and tried to calm the women who were frightened. With the men he was more bluff and made them hurry in depositing their belongings. He explained very politely that he did not want jewelry—only money.

"When all the passengers of the coach had passed him and paid their tribute he ordered them to sit down across the gulch and remain quiet. As this order was accompanied with a sweeping motion of the rifle barrel in our direction we lost no time in complying with the request. Then he began to take the small purses from the bags and examine their contents. The large bags were left on the ground for the owners to recover later.

"The robber had difficulty in opening one bag and said: 'This appears to be a handsome bag and full of money, but I am unable to open it. I dislike spoiling it by slitting it with my knife, so if the lady who owns it will be so kind as to open it for me I shall be very much obliged.' One of the ladies then stepped forward and opened the bag and after taking out the money he restored it to her, thanking her graciously.

"And so it went on. Coach after coach, twenty-two in all, rounded the curve into the little arena, and faced the deadly rifle, the passengers piled out and the coaches went on down the road, where they could neither turn around nor drive rapidly. The heap of money grew and the group of picked tourists also grew.

"After we got our throats cleared of various choking sensations and really knew the situation elements of humor appeared and were appreciated. We remembered the joyous start from Old Faithful in the early morning hours, the singing, the sightseeing. At one point our driver had pointed out the scene of the famous holdup of 1908, where sixteen coaches were robbed by one man; and had told us how things were tame now compared with the old days.

"Yet let any one of us now make a move and the unwavering line of steel with that unwinking circle of black stared you full in the eyes.

"There was one intensely human moment. An aged woman tremblingly stood in the line and laid down her small tithe. As she straightened up she looked full into that slit of cruel eyes and said: 'Boy, I hope your mother can't see you now.'

"There was no answer, and for the moment it seemed as though that highwayman's disordered mind surely must be going back to the mountain home some place where a mother had taught him different paths than this.

"In one of the first coaches held up was a young girl who edged around the base of the road at the outside of our amphitheatre and gained the turn. She ran all the way down the mountain, warning each coach. The coaches she warned were forced to go on because of the road, but the passengers had time and opportunity to hide all their money but what they retained to avoid arousing the bandit's suspicions. About six coaches stopped below the turn and did not come on. The bandit waited the usual interval, then calmly walked to the turn, and that hypnotic rifle motioned them to the shearing.

"One lucky man had dropped most of his money in a sand hole and had passed by the gunmen. But as we sat there and watched coach after coach he had grown more nervous about his money. Like the murderer going back to his victim, the man edged nearer his cache. And it was safe—gloriously, happily safe! Then: 'Come over here, you!' said the ever watchful owner of the rifle. He had noted the proceedings, and the money came to him.

"One girl asked for the return of her powder rag, and the bandit, with a grin visible below the black mask, tossed it to her. One opportunist pretended deafness, thereby hoping to be passed by without turning his pockets inside out, and the retort came: "Oh, you'd move fast enough if you heard the dinner bell!"

"Finally, after the last coach had appeared, the robber picked up his money bag and with a wave of his hand and a pleasant 'Good-by' disappeared in the brush."

Bandit robbing 165 tourists in Yellowstone National Park on July 25. Passengers are passing and "piling out" their valuables on the grass. Note rifle under robber's arm.